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02x07 - The Leper (Hath the Babe Not Eyes?)

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by **bunniefuu**

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[The Dungeon. On a computermonitor, Emmett jerks off violently.]

Ted: 950, 975, 980, 985, 990, 995, 997, 998, 1000.

[He comes.]

Ted: 1003! Yes sir! Over one thousand self-satisfiedcustomers! And we're out.

[As Emmett wipes himself off and puts on a robe, Tedbrings over a bottle of water and straightens the bed.]

Ted: OK, you will take ten then you start round three.

Emmett: I don't know if I can do. Honey, my d*ck's downfor the count!

Ted: Listen now, you've got a lot of fans out there whowanna see you for the record.

Emmett: The record?

Ted: Set by the legendary Peter Pounder. He once came sixtimes in forty-five minutes.

Emmett: Six times in forty-five minutes? I've been ableto do it since I was eighteen.

Ted: Well, don't you worry you're pretty little dickabout it. Twice in thirty minutes is very...respectable.

Emmett: Respectable? Rev up the webcam, boys! We're goingfor the gold.

Ted: What a boy champ! And we're on.

[The comic-book store. Debbie'sbrought lunch.]

Deb: I made you sausage and peppers. And I don't hear agoddamn word about it!

Michael: You're kidding me? If it wasn't for you, I'dprobably starve to death.

Deb: As a mother of a future captain of industry, Icouldn't very well let that happen.

Michael: There just a problem, Mom. I'm not exactly gonnabecome a Millionere for selling comics.

Deb: Everybody has to start somewhere, sweetheart. Andyou've started. That's what important. I'm so proud ofyou, Michael. You've turn out to be quit a man. Sureyou're food.

[Ben comes in.]

Michael: Hey.

Ben: Uh, I was in the neighborhood. You left this in myplace.

Deb: His place? I didn't know you were getting laid. Goodfor you! I'm his mother.

Ben: Yes, I remember.

Deb: Oh, he remembers me.

Michael: You're a little hard to forget. And for you'reinformation I didn't get laid.

Deb: Oh, too bad. Well... I've go back to the diner. It'snice to see you again. Better luck this time. Bye.

[Deb leaves the store.]

Ben: That is some kind of mother you've got there.

Michael: You don't know the half of it.

Ben: Well, I like to. I will know all about you.

Michael: Stop it. You're going to make me blush. Which,after growing up with her, you'd think was impossible.

Ben: I also wanna see how you are after last night. Aftermy big announcement. 'My name is Ben, I'm thirty-three,Pisces, I love the outdoors and I'm HIV-positive.' Istill figured out I drop that b*mb gracefully.

Michael: It's only the first time it's come up withsomeone that I'm interested in.

Ben: Interested as still interested? Well that's good.Because some guys they rush through the door. Seeking andfreaked out.

Michael: Please. Right after my mother told me I was g*y,she gave this big safe sex lecture. I knew how to put acondom on a cucumber before I knew how to drive.

Ben: I was going to ask you out tonight, but now I'm notso sure...I

Michael: Why not?

Ben: Well, Michael keep as a cucumber is a lot to live upto.

[They laughs.]

[Happy Fun Garage. Melanie andLeda are checking out Mel's car. Leda's under the hoodand shakes her head.]

Mel: What do you say, doc? She gonna live?

Leda: You've got grief in the gearbox, baby. Just like mylove life.

Mel: So how much do we look at it?

Leda: It's wouldn't be cheap.

Mel: Ah, sh*t!

[Lindsay pushes Gus up the driveway in his stroller.]

Lindsay: Language! You trying to turn our Gus into atrash mouth?

Leda: Like mommy, like son.

Mel: Leda says we're looking at some major repairs.

Lindsay: Oh no, just when we did have enough money savedfor the wedding.

Mel: We'll have to cut a few corners. Like printing an inietationson the computer.

Lindsay: I'm not havin' some tacky announcement.

Mel: Fine, we can walk through the ceremony.

Lindsay: There must be some other way.

Mel: Forget my mom. The Early Bird special was hatched inher honor.

Leda: What about you're folks?

[Mel laughs.]

Lindsay: What?

Mel: Honey, you're a d*ke, you're marrying a Jew, andyou're a registered Democrat. Need I say more?

Lindsay: Well, we're bring it up to the dinner tonight.

Mel: I though you're didn't wanna go.

Lindsay: Now we have a reason to.

Mel: I don't want you begging them for money.

Lindsay: I'm not begging. They paid for all three of mysister's weddings, they can f*cking chip in for ours.

Mel and Leda: Language!

[Man locker room.]

Ted: So is everyone up for Babylon tonight?

Michael: I-I can't. I've got inventory tonight.

Brian: I thought inventory was the last week in themonth.

Michael: It is when you have a business it's on his feet.But when you start it out...

Ted: Oh, who is he? Who is he?

Michael: Nobody!

Brian: I think it's that teacher.

Michael: He is a professor, not a teacher.

Brian: The professor.

Ted: So, what does that make you, Mary Ann or Ginger?

Brian: So, when we took to meet him?

Michael: Never.

Ted: What? Is something wrong with him?

Michael: What's wrong with you? I want like this one tolive before my best friends devour him!

[Emmett makes his entrance in from the shower, and isimmediately accosted by a Fetch Dixon fan.]

Fan#1: Hey, you're Fetch Dixon, aren't you?

Emmett: Uh, yes. Yes.

Fan#1: I'm a huge fan. Not as huge as you.

Emmett: Thank you, that's-that's so nice.

Fan#1: Could I see it? You know, for a second.

Ted: No, no, no. I'm sorry. If you want to sample themerchandise, you have to sign up for JerkAtWork.net.

Emmett: [to Michael] That's the third time today.

Michael: Emmett is a star.

Brian: His d*ck's a star. He's just the life-supportsystem.

Michael: Careful, or he'll get a swelled head.

Ted: Hey, save it for the website.

Emmett: Would y'all just stop? I'm not a star. I'm stilllittle ole me, just a plain ole country boy fromMississippi. Giving my friend Teddy a helping hand.

[Dinner with the Petersons.Nancy, Linds mother, Ron, Linds father.]

Nancy: And the way Lynette's been hinting, I think I maybe a grandmother soon!

Lindsay: You're already are. In case you're forgot.

Nancy: I know, dear.

Mel: Mrs.Peterson that necklace is so beautiful. Is thatfrom red coral from Bali?

Nancy: Oh, yes. Have you been?

Mel: No, actually my aunt that owns a jewelry store.

Nancy: Lynette got it on her honeymoon.

Ron: Don't ask which.

Lindsay: We decided to skip our honeymoon for right now.You know, because of all the expenses?

Ron: We're out of rolls.

Nancy: We should have gone to Chez Denis over on theriver. Duncan took Lynette there on Saturday, and theyhad a lovely meal.

Lindsay: We're thinking about having Chez Denis cater thereception.

Nancy: Isn't that too expensive?

Lindsay: No more expensive than the caterer Lynette usedfor each of her weddings, all the three times.

Ron: You've got to admit she's constant.

Lindsay: Besides getting married these days is anexpensive position. No matter what you do. That's whywe're hoping that... you might be able to help us out.

Nancy: [to Ron] When you see the waiter ask him for somewater.

Lindsay: We were handling in all by ourselves but wecould use some assistants. No matter how small. Anythingwould be helpful.

Nancy: Honey...

Lindsay: You help her with her wedding!

Nancy: That's different.

Lindsay: Why is it different?

Nancy: Because her wedding was real. Yours...well, Idon't know what yours is.

[The Park. Mike and Ben walk andtalk past smooching couples.]

Michael: I finished you book.

Ben: Oh, yeah? So, 'how did you like it,' the insecurewriter asks, trying desperately to sound nonchalant.

Michael: I didn't. I loved it. Especially that part wherethe Customs officials in Thailand confiscated your HIVmeds.

Ben: Oh, yeah. This was one of the worst days of my life.But as they say, out of adversity comes knowledge. I'velearned to put my fears aside and just find serenity inthe chaos.

Michael: I wish I can do that. I think I do the opposite.I could find chaos in serenity with my eyes closed.

Ben: The secret is to stop regretting the past, andfearing the future. And just live in the now.

Michael: Sounds like my mom would say. She always says,"If you've got one foot in the future, and one inthe past, then you'll piss on today." Actually shesaid sh*t but I want to clean it up before...

Ben: [laughs] Actually you'r mom and Buddha had a lot incommon.

Michael: What, they're both Jenny Craig dropouts?

Ben: No, no. Uh, he teaches you to focus on the smallestdetails. The way the breeze feels against your cheek. Theway your shirt falls against your body. To feel someone'shand on your back. It helps you realize that this momentis all there is.

Michael: Well, if that's true, then we should probablytake advantage of it.

Ben: Yeah.

[They kiss each other.]

Michael: Where we goin'?

Ben: To experience The Now.

[Babylon! Ted's doing somerecruiting on the dance floor.]

Ted: I've got an eye for this and I can tell you have alot of talent. Really big talent. [he gives him hiscard.] If you need an extra cash in you're spare time?Just give me a call. We'll set up an audition.

Man: OK, thanks man.

[Ted goes back to Brian and Justin at the bar.]

Brian: Hey, Porn King. Why don't you introduce me to someof your new friends?

Ted: Anytime, Brian.

[Ted grabs his beer off the bar. That's when Justinnotices the Rolex on Ted's wrist.]

Justin: It that a Rolex?

Ted: Yes, it is. All those years seeing those wealthyclients come in with their big cars and their fancyjewelry. There I was this dumb jerk in a cubicle, hunchedover a computer making them rich. Now it's my turn.

[Emmett makes his way through the crowd, hailed, pinchedand prodded at every turn. Finally he reaches the bar.]

Emmett: Ultimately, it's all so empty. You know, at theend of the night, you still go home alone. [A beautipassing and giving Emmett The Look has anything to sayabout it.] But not tonight. [He follows him.]

Ted: Wow, wow, wow. What you're thinking you doin'? Youhave a big day tomorrow.

Emmett: So?

Ted: So, you need to confirm you're strength. And no moredrinking and eating peanuts. You'll gain weight. Now gohome, get some sleep. That's an order.

[Brian and Justin can't believe what they're hearing. Andthen, before their very eyes, Ted tries to"recruit" the guy that Emmett was going after!Emmett's mouth drops open in shock.]

Brian: So Mr. Producer gets to go home with the hottie,and the porn star has to go home alone?

Emmett: He's right. I need to conserve my strength.

Brian: Let me see your wrist. That's a stunning watch youwear.

Emmett: I'm not wearing a watch.

Brian: Wow, Emmett, you really observe it. He's got aRolex. Better hurry home and starting you're beauty rest.

[EnterMike and Ben. Ben gazes at the melee in glee, as goldglitter falls around them. He has the biggest, bestsmile.]

Michael: I thought when you said you wanted to experiencethe now, that you meant something spiritual.

Ben: I did. That tribe I've been it in New Guinea withdance until I collapse. It's how they freed themselvesfrom their bodies, from time. I just like it. The lightshow is a striking resemblance to that ritual.

[Ben takes off his shirt. And everyone is happy. Bendrags Mike into the middle of the floor, and the two ofthem boogie down.]

Justin: There is Michael with some Hottie.

Ted: Hey, Michael(!) Over here!

Michael: Oh, oh, we've been spotted. I have to warn you.My friends can be a little...

Ben: Judgmental? Vicious? Condescending?

Michael: You've meet them?

[They goin' over to them.]

Michael: Ben, this is Ted, Justin and Brian.

Ben: Nice to meet you.

Brian: I though you've got to inventory.

Michael: I was.

Ted: You look aweful familiar. Have we meet?

Ben: I goin' to Jale, undergrad .

Michael: Ben wrote a book "R-U-1-2".

Ted: That's why I recognize you. I saw you're interviewin The Advocate. I rent out to brought one.

Ben: [laughs] So, you were the one.

Ted: Come on, you got great reviews. It was so honest, soforthright, so...revealing.

Ben: Yeah, well, that's what we writers do -- we sort ofcut ourselves open and bleed all over the page.

Michael: I though you're here to dance.

[They walk to the dance floor.]

Justin: He's really hot.

Brian: He's alright.

Ted: Looks, brains, he's a nice guy, too. I'd say he'sperfect, except for one thing. He's positive.

[Some bakery. A large weddingcake sits on top of the counter. Melanie brings a plateof pastries over to Lindsay, who mopes pathetically attheir table.]

Mel: I've got you a croissant.

Lindsay: I don't want a croissant.

Mel: You loved croissants.

Lindsay: I said I don't want, so drop it!

[Melanie picks the croissant up and drops it on thefloor.]

Lindsay: I didn't mean this.

Mel: I wish you drop it too. You're on charming mood.

Lindsay: Oh, I've should never asked them!

Mel: So you did. They said no. Now it's over. C'mon,let's go and look at wedding cakes.

Lindsay: What for? We can't afford one. Maybe if we'recareful we can save up for dinner.

Mel: Look, we're find money to pay for it.

Lindsay: It's not about the money. It's about...

Mel: Love? You want them to show you the same attentionthat they show Lynette.

Lindsay: Yeah...

Mel: Maybe we have to prove more afford. We've neverreally asked them over to see how we live. Meet ourfriends. Which makes us same guilty as they are.

Lindsay: So, what are we do?

Mel: We invited them over and throw a little party.

Lindsay: You aren't serious!

Mel: If they could see that we're a real family, with areal life, just like your sister, then they might feeldifferently. Hey, it least for a shot!

[They get up and go for the wedding cake.]

Woman: May I show you something?

Mel: We'd like to look at wedding cakes.

[Liberty Diner. Emmett, Brian,Mike and Ted share a booth.]

Michael: I'm positive. It was the first thing out of hismouth.

Brian: After your d*ck.

Ted: It's commendable that he told you. But it stilldoesn't change the fact that you playing with fire! Imean what if the condom breaks? Or his flossing his teethin his gums booth.

Brian: Or if he shoots his load and you're bending overto tie your shoe, and it accidentally flies up your

a*s.

[Michael laughs.]

Ted: Christ, Brian, do you have to make a joke out ofeverything? Especially your best friend's safety!

Michael: I know how be saved!

Ted: No, you think you do. We all do. It's not just beingcareful, it's living with death. Knowing that Ben hassomething inside of him that could k*ll him. And if youhave just one little f*ck-up, one moment offorgetfulness, one little mistake, it could k*ll you,too.

Emmett: I think you're little melodramatic, Teddy. Theyare plenty of guys who boyfriend are positiv.

Ted: These people aren't Michael. And you weren't sofucking easygoing when you thought you might be infected.

Michael: Look, I appreciate you're concern. But you'retalking about Ben like he's the disease and not a person.And if you were seeing someone that you cared about who'spositiv, I think you would feel differently.

Ted: No, I'm sorry, I know it's not politically corrector even nice, but I wouldn't do it, no matter how much Iliked the guy.

[Debbie walks up with a fresh pot of coffee. She'swearing a t-shirt that proclaims, "Some people arejust too white"]

Debbie: Wouldn't do what, honey?

Emmett: We're talking about dating someone who'spositive.

Debbie: That's a hell of an attitude. And I've got to saythat I'm surprised to hear that from one of you,considering all the guys you f*ck.

Ted: Yeah, numbers may vary from person to person. [helooks at Brian. Brian sticks his tongue out at him.]

Debbie: I mean one of you could be positive too. And thereason you're not isn't because you're always careful. Iknow g*dd*mn well that isn't true. You're lucky. [she'slooking at Brian.] You're f*ck' lucky. So don't tell meyou couldn't love somebody just because they're not asfortunate as you are. More reason to, if you ask me!

Michael: Thank you mother.

Debbie: What for honey?

Michael: Ben's positive.

[Debbie's holding on to the smile, she ties...]

Debbie: So, need you guys anything else?

[The Dungeon. Ted preps the bedfor Emmett's arrival. Emmett strolls in wearing a longbrown leather trench coat, a fugly patchwork scarf, andbrown aviator glasses.]

Ted: You're on in 5 minutes. Where have you been?

Emmett: Oh, preparing a list.

Ted: Well, you can do you're grocery shopping list later,okay?

Emmett: It's a kind of a list.

[Em holds the piece of paper out. Ted rolls his eyes,grabs it.]

Ted: "Private dressing room with toilet. Rotatingbed. Ten percent of gross profits." What the f*ck isthis?

Emmett: Oh, this called artist's demands.

Ted: "Lube"? What's wrong with the lube?

Emmett: That grease is so cheap, you could fry chicken init.

Ted: This is a joke, right?

Emmett: No, this is not humor. Oh, don't forget that one.That's kind of my favorite.

Ted: You're name over the bed.

Emmett: Well, I'm the star. Star gets top billing. Youcan use just Fetch. You know like Cher. All turn uptwinkle lights so my fans can see when you pull back fora long shot.

Ted: Well, excuse me, Cher, but there's only one longshot your fans are interested in, so come on. Less yakand more jack.

Emmett: But what about my demands?

Ted: You mean these? Look, Emmett. If it weren't for me,you'd still be moonlighting as a naked maid, buffing inthe buff, trying to pick up a few extra bucks!

Emmett: Yeah, and if it weren't for me, you'd still be apencil pusher, pulling your pud!

Ted: Oh, so I owe all this to you?

Emmett: Mmmh, difficult question. Yes.

Ted: I can replace you whenever I want. Then you will seehow quickly you're fans forget.

Emmett: Really?

Ted: Really. Dicks like you dime a dozen.

Emmett: Well, I tell you what. You find some twinkie with a dinky and see how far you can get. Oh, and when you do... [throw the jizzball.]... Give him this. He's going to need it!

[Debbie's. Debbie deep in her conflicted thoughts, as she dusts the figurines over her fireplace.]

Vic: Last time I saw you cleaning the tchotkes was whenMichael moved away with David.

Debbie: This scene like a g*dd*mn pigsty. That's all.

Vic: Would you stop vindaxing for a second and talk tome?

Debbie: I can't.

Vic: Why not?

Debbie: It's personal.

Vic: What could be personal, after you've wiped my a*s?

Debbie: Well, you haven't wiped mine!

Vic: You've already clean that one.

Debbie: [yells] LEAVE ME ALONE!

[It's broken at the floor.]

Debbie: sh*t! Look what you've done!

Vic: I'm sorry. Sis...

Debbie: Get away. [she holds in] This new guy... thatMichael's dating is some... this Ben... He's positive.

Vic: Oh, so?

Debbie: So? I don't want date him with someone who'ssick.

Vic: Who said he's sick?

Debbie: I knew I couldn't talk to you about it.

Vic: So negative people shouldn't be allowed to datepositive people? Is that it?

Debbie: Don't twist my words!

Vic: Then what do you sayin'?

Debbie: He's my son. I don't want him getting anything! Inever thought I'd say this. But for the first time in mylife, I wish my son wasn't g*y.

[Michael walked in unnoticed, and heard her say it.]

Vic: You didn't mean that!

Debbie: Not if it means I have to watch him puking, andshitting. And wasting away to nothing.

Vic: I can't listen to you anymore.

Debbie: Do you think I want Michael to end up like you?

[Mike's eyes narrow dangerously. Debbie finally noticesthat her son is in the room. Mike runs upstairs.]

Debbie: Oh, sh*t. Michael!

[Michael'sroom.]

Michael: I just get some stuff and then I'm outta here.

Debbie: Honey, look Michael. Sweetheart.

Michael: How could you talk that way to Uncle Vic? Youreally hurt him!

Debbie: People say a lot of things when they're upset.And I'm upset. I'm very f*cking upset. And how long youwere going to wait to tell her about Ben?

Michael: I didn't think you care! Especially after thenoble sentiments and hash browns you dishing out at thediner.

Debbie: Alright, I'm going to make you very, very happy.You always wanted a normal mother? Okay, you've got one.I don't want you

dating that guy!

Michael: I don't care what you want! And don't tell mewho to date! I'm 30 years old. Who I date and what I dois none of you're g*dd*mn f*cking business!

[Brian's. Brian and Justin aremaking love.]

Justin: We're really lucky.

Brian: What? Living in this land of empty? Roll over.

Justin: Every time Michael and Ben have sex, think of allthey have to deal with.

Brian: It's Michaels decision. Is that a pimple on you'reass? Right there.

Justin: Were?

[They kiss each other.]

Justin: No matter how long they're together, even if it'sforever, they can never do it raw.

Brian: We're don't either.

Justin: Yeah, but we could... if you want it. I mean,we're both negative.

Brian: You mean, you want me to f*ck you bareback?

Justin: Yes.

Brian: Come inside you're tigh little a*s?

Justin: Do it. f*ck me.

Brian: f*ck...yourself.

Justin: What?

Brian: You stupid little twat. Never let anyone f*ck youwithout a condom.

Justin: You're not just anyone.

Brian: Yeah, I'm sure that's what Ben thought about theguy who infected him. [he grabs a condom.] Put it on me.[he f*ck Justin.] I want you safe. I want you around fora long time.

[Happy Fun Brunch. Melanie bringsa big vase of flowers out into the dining room. Leda'spouting on one of the chairs, wearing her usual leatherand denim ensemble, with a handkerchief tied over herhead like Axl Rose. Lindsay walks in with her hair pulledback tightly, wearing a white blouse buttoned up to herchin, a straight brown skirt and brown flats.]

Lindsay: Who do I look?

Mel: Like a f*cking nun. What happened to your t*ts?

Leda: Who knew my year working in a piercing salon wouldcome in so handy?

[doorbell rings.]

Lindsay: That must be Tasha and her harp!

[She goes to the door and opens. It's Brian.]

Lindsay: I was hoping it was the harp.

Brian: I'm into f*cking, not plucking, and what happenedto your t*ts? Hey sonnyboy. You're old man here to excudeof them.

Leda: Hi, I'm Leda.

Brian: [he grabs the hors d'oeuvres out of her hand] Uh,Melanie's evil ex.

Leda: And you must be the Anti-Christ. Big fan.

Lindsay: Alright, the baby sitter is coming for Gus thisafternoon. Take him to the park, be careful on theswings. Don't get him dirty. Back by two. And buysomething nice.

Brian: Anything else?

Lindsay: Shave.

Brian: My ba*ls are as clean as a whistle.

Lindsay: Tasha, finally. [to Leda] Can you show herewhere to put it?

[telefon rings.]

Brian: It's too easy.

Mel: We're try to make Lindsay's parent feel at home.

Brian: You should wear of caskets in the living room.

Leda: I say we wear strap-ons. Ever been f*cked by a dykewith a dildo?

Brian: Is that an offer?

Mel: This is really important to Lindsay so could both ofyou keep your f*cking foul mouths shut?

[Lindsay walks back in shocked.]

Lindsay: They don't coming.

Leda: Are we surprised?

Lindsay: Mom said daddy's is over disk. He'll be on hisback for days.

Brian: Oh, that I like to see.

Lindsay: Shut up, Brian!

[The park. Mike and Brian pushGus in a swing.]

Michael: It was like an episode of "TwillightZone".

Brian: My favourite was where you could trade your oldbody for a hot new one.

Michael. She actually said she wished I wasn't g*y.

Brian: Well, I'll always be happy that you're a bigqueer.

[Brian kisses Michael on the mouth. A woman passing by.]

Woman: You're two make a beautiful couple. [to Gus] Heydear, aren't you sweet? [to Michael] And you're babylooks just like you.

[she leaves.]

Brian: So sweet. You know she's right.

Michael: What are you talking about? This baby is a spitimage of you.

Brian: I mean Debbie. You know, she's right. You shouldforget Ben.

Michael: What the f*ck do you know?

Brian: Let's see what I know. Advertising and I know you.Those ads you see for the c*ck, with thegreat-looking guys skiing and mountain climbing? Like allyou have to do is pop a little protease inhibitor andyou, too can have the time of your life. But it's justkind of tough to go downhill racing when you havenon-stop diarrhea.

Michael: I can handle it.

Brian: Well, then handle it. Kiss it. Jerk it off. Justdon't fall in love with it.

[The Peterson house. Nancy opensthe door, and there's Melanie, dead serious in her blackleather jacket. She st*lks past Nancy into the livingroom, where Ron is fully upright and swinging a tennisracket.]

Mel: Mrs.Peterson?

Nancy: Melanie? What a surprise. Unfortunately I'm on myway out...

Ron: George, Barbara is that you?

Mel: Mr.Peterson.

Ron: I was expecting...

Mel: ...someone else? Congratulations on you're speedyrecovery.

Ron: You know what it is with these back things. Oneminute you can't stand up, the next minute...

Mel: ... they mixed doubles.

Nancy: This is very awkward.

Mel: 'Awkward'? That you couldn't come over to our housefor a couple of hours? Lindsay's been working her a*s offfor you. Would it have been so f*cking hard to show up?

Nancy and Ron: Language!

Mel: Your excuses are bullshit. All she wants from you isto show her a little support.

Nancy: The only reason you want us to come to you'reparty is you expecting a cheque.

Ron: Nancy, please.

Nancy: Why not admit it?

Mel: Look, I know what you think about me. I'm the slickJew lawyer come to shake you down for a few sheckels. Thedyke who corrupted your daughter. Well, you're wrong. I'mLindsay's loving partner, and Gus's adoring mother. And Iknow that I will never cause him the pain that you'vecaused her. He'll never

have to wonder whether or not Ilove him.

[Melanie leaves Ron and Nancy staring self-righteously ateach other.]

[Debbie's back yard. She and Vicrake leaves and avoid meeting each other's eyes. Finally,Debbie can't take it anymore.]

Debbie: Are we gonna talk? Or we just gonna rake thewhole g*dd*mn neighbourhood?

Vic: You wanna talk? Talk.

Debbie: You know I didn't mean what I'm said. It couldcome out. I've just had it with this f*cking disease.

Vic: Tell me about it.

Debbie: I know baby. I can't go through it again.

Vic: What makes you think you'll have to? Michael doesn'thave hiv.

Debbie: Ben has. And there's nothing in his life thatwon't be affected by it. Including Michael. And whataffects Michael affects me.

Vic: The same they said about marriage. You don't justget them, you get the whole damn family.

Debbie: Well, I'm not so crazy about the in-laws.

[Vic laughs.]

Debbie: I know they have safe sex. What if somethinghappens? What if Michael comes to us and he says I've gotit. What do we do?

Vic: First we die. And then we deal with it.

[The Happy Fun Mausoleum. AsTasha plays the harp. Lindsay and Melanie mope on thesofa.]

Lindsay: This party sucks.

Mel: I've prefer to think about it as mellow.

Lindsay: I'm gonna upstairs and swallow a bottle ofXanax.

Mel: Good idea.

[In the kitchen, Justin complains that the flowers aretriggering his allergies.]

Justin: f*cking flowers make my allergy grow.

Brian: Well, that's a good reason to leave.

Leda: And leave me alone with the ladies who munch? Noway.

Brian: Well, in this case there's only one thing we coulddo.

[He pulls a bag of Ecstasy out of his back pocket. Out inthe dining room, Emmett circles the table.]

Emmett: Well, I can honestly say there isn't one thinghere that I would put in my mouth.

[At the opposite end of the table is Ted.]

Ted: That's a first.

Emmett: Excuse me?

Ted: [replies] This food's the worst.

[Michael stands in the middle at the table.]

Emmett: Oh, did I tell you Michael that I received avery, very lucrative offer from c*ck.net.

Michael: Why no. I made you didn't.

Ted: Did I tell you Michael about my new star? d*ck Long.Not only lives up to, but surpasses his name.

Michael: Don't say...

Emmett: You can tell Mr. Schmidt, if you happen to seehis wizened countenance, that he still owes me my lastpaltry paycheck.

Ted: And you can tell Mr. Honeycutt, whose a*s has moretreadmarks than a steel-belted radial, that if he doesn'tcome and pick up his personal effects, his dildos will bedonated to charity.

Michael: Why didn't you tell each other to yourself? Whydon't you both apologize for acting like a couple ofidiots?

Ted: I've the one who created him!

Emmett: He would be out of business if it weren't fromme?

Ted: You could show a little gratitude!

Emmett: And you could show a little generosity!

Michael: And you both can show a little more maturity.

Ted and Emmett: It's not of you g*dd*mn business. Get outof it!

[Brian mixes the E in the punch bowl, then goes up to thebedroom. Lindsay's all morose on the bed. Brian jumps upnext to her.]

Brian: Enjoying the view?

Lindsay: God! Go away!

Brian: Make me! Your party really sucks.

[She pulls her hair out of a bun and unbuttons hershirt.]

Lindsay: So, it a little established if you've beenpaying attention.

Brian: You really give a sh*t what they've think?

Lindsay: Their my parents, Brian. [She grabs the jointout of Brian's hand] I know I shouldn't care. I shouldn'tlet them hurt me. It's not my job to please them. To makethem happy.

Brian: You remember... what's his name? Billy theAsshole's birthday party junior year.

Lindsay: Were Rebecca dumped me?

Brian: Those were the days.

Lindsay: Jesus, this is supposed to cheer me up. I was awreck.

Brian: Not for long.

Lindsay: Thanks to you putting E in the punch...loosewomen...and the B-52s.

Brian: Those who don't learn their lessons are condemnedto repeat their courses.

[And from downstairs, they hear "Love Shack"start to play.]

[It'slouder in the living room. Much louder. Everyone'shalf-naked, tripping out, and having a great time. Ledadecides it's time to ride Justin like a pony. The boy'slaughing too hard to mind. Lindsay busts up when shecomes downstairs, and Leda grins.]

Leda: The b*tch is back.

[Melanie's stripped down to a tank top and orders Lindsayto dance with her. Emmett pushes through the crowd on hisway out the door. Leda's got a blue dildo strapped on.]

Leda: How do you like it?

Brian: Is the offer still stands?

[Mike's just a little weirded out by that. Leda makesJustin suck on the dildo. As Mel's swinging Lindsay intoa dip, Ron and Nancy walk in the door.]

Lindsay: Mom! Daddy!

Nancy: You call this brunch?

Mel: Hey, how about some punch?

Lindsay: Mel, no. Uh, I though you weren't coming?

Nancy: We changed our minds. And from the look of things,we shouldn't have.

Lindsay: But we're having some fun.

Nancy: You call this fun?

Lindsay: Well, maybe not you're idea of fun, but yes.Everyone like to meet my parents? Our guest of honor.

[Everyone waves happily at Ron and Nancy.]

Nancy: We don't need an introduces. We're not staying.C'mon Ron.

Lindsay: You know, the whole point of this party was toprove that we're just like you, so you'd accept us. Likel'd tried to accept you.

Nancy: I didn't realised that I need it to be accept it.

Lindsay: You're right, Mom, you don't. Neither do we.

[The Dungeon. Ted's going overthe books when Emmett walks in.]

Emmett: I come for my personal effects.

Ted: I have you're cheque.

Emmett: I'll be as quick as I can.

Ted: Emmett, I...

Emmett: Let's not say anything more. We've both made ourpositions painfully clear.

[Emmett pulls his things off a rack nearby -- featherboa, gold scarf, leather harness, dildoes.]

Ted: I, uh, you're fans are gonna miss you.

Emmett: Well, I'm sure d*ck Long will help them forget.

Ted: Actually, he's only a d*ck Medium. You're by far mybiggest attraction.

Emmett: I suppose I do owe my fame -- such as it is --and my fortune -- such as it isn't -- to you.

Ted: 5 %.

Emmett: It's a very generous offer, Teddy, but it's notjust about the money. I mean for me it's always gonna bethe art.

[Ted grabs a bag from the table and hands it over.]

Ted: The finest lubricant. Water soluble. Heated toninety-eight point six degrees.

Emmett: I appreciate the gesture.

[Ted walks over to a curtain separating the bed from therest of the Dungeon. He pulls a rope and the curtaincomes down, revealing the round velvet-covered bed. Redvelvet covering the wall. Ted claps his hands and a redneon sign reading "Fetch" clicks on over thebed.]

Ted: I'm so sorry I underestimating you. You're more thanjust an enormous d*ck. You're my friend.

Emmett: And you're mine!

[They hug each other.]

Ted: So, what do you say?

Emmett: I'm ready for my close up, Mr.Schmidt.

[Ben's flat. He and Michaels makeout at the sofa.]

Michael: Condoms?

Ben: Bathroom.

Michael: OK.

[Mike opens the medicine cabinet and stops short. Cut tothe inside of the cabinet, filled with row upon rows ofdrug bottles. Many, many bottles. Reality bites. Mikefinally spots the condom box stuck between two bottles.And stares at all the bottles again. So many drugs Benhas to take so he won't get sick like Mike's uncle. Benwalks in.]

Ben: Find them?

Michael: Yeah. [Pause] I can't do this.

Ben: You're right. I try.

Michael: No, I mean I can't.

[Mike and Ben's faces are right next to each other. Benpulls back a little, and his eyes go wide with hurt.]

Michael: I though I could, that I can handle it but Ican't. Sorry.

Ben: Don't apologize. It's, uh, better to find out now.Before someone gets hurt.

[Black screen. Sound of the condom box being put back in the cabinet. Ending Credits without music.]

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